

## Hide Me.

BY ANNA M. HICKS.

"I flee unto Thee to hide me."—PSALM cxliii, 9.

When trouble comes, and sorrow's night  
Around me like a pall is thrown,  
When fears alarm, and foes affright,  
And peace has from my bosom flown,  
"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

When life is like a pleasant morn,  
With balmy breeze and cloudless sky,  
With song of bird on the sweet air borne,  
When love and joy about me lie,  
"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

When life's day is done, and at even-tide  
I stand on the brink of the river Death,  
And watch for a gleam from the other side,  
Wilt thou grant me then a living faith,  
"I flee unto Thee to hide me."

—Altoona, Pa.

## The "Little Member."

"So Brown, Arthur Brown, is your next door neighbor! Pretty well off, isn't he? He seems to live in fine style. What's his business?" and Mr. Simpson's air of interest spoke of questions yet in reserve.

"Yes, Brown's means are ample," Mr. Campbell replied; "he's worth a cool two hundred thousand, and is a man of weight in more senses than one. He is in the wool business, is a bank officer, the deacon of a church and—chews tobacco!"

"Quite a list of recommendations," said Mr. Simpson; "do you mention the latter as a hint that if the wise erred not, it would go hard with the fools? I know Brown's wife. He married that pretty Ruth Manning. She was a most devoted daughter, and is as nice a little woman as ever lived."

"Yes, Brown married a Manning, and I should think she was a good sort of a woman, although from what I've seen I fancy she's rather cross-grained."

"Oh, you are mistaken there, she is very sweet and amiable."

"Well, perhaps she is, although I doubt it. We are members of the same church, you know. The Browns are quite infatuated with Dr. James; stick up for him at a great rate."

And why shouldn't they? Dr. James is a fine preacher, and they tell me he's building up the church. Don't you like him?

Oh, I suppose he's a good man, but, dear me! he hollers so, and then he uses so much slang. I'm not over and above particular myself, but I do like to have my minister use good language.

Dr. James's style is rather forcible, but I think he uses pretty good English. I always like to hear him preach.

Yes, he fills the church, but I shall never get used to him. Ministers are pretty much like other men, but to hear him talk you'd think he came to us because of a special call from the Lord, instead of being drawn by the big salary. Why can't the man be honest?

I presume he is, and instead of finding fault with him, I think you ought to congratulate yourself on getting such a good minister.

Ah, well! Ideas differ, and I've cut my eye-teeth.

But you believe in Christian charity, of course, and when you know absolutely nothing to the contrary, I should think it would be pleasanter to have a higher opinion of a person.

I always have a reason for what I say, and if the truth hits any one, so much the worse for that person, was Mr. Campbell's retort.

Mr. Campbell is one of a class, unfortunately not small even among Christian people. He is, in his own way, a good man, not ill-natured or unkind, although he knows little of the charity which suffereth long, and thinketh no evil. He is accustomed to discussing persons, and speaks truthfully from his standpoint, but the defect, imaginary or real, always receives a prominent place in his record. He is on excellent terms with Dr. James, notwithstanding frequent comments on his hollering and his use of slang, and occasional expressions of doubt as to the purity of his motives.

Some weeks after the foregoing conversation, the friends again met. I rejoice to hear that you are having quite an interest in your church, Mr. Simpson remarked, and I am told that there have been many conversions.

Yes, replied Mr. Campbell, Dr. James seems dead in earnest, and a good work is being done. I do wish I could get my boys out to the meetings, but they dislike Dr. James's delivery as much as I do, and they say it's as much as they can stand to go to church Sundays. I really feel tried, for it does seem as if this was just the opportunity for a deepening of their religious impressions; and Mr. Campbell spoke in a tone of unfeigned grief.

Of course they are glad of any excuse, said Mr. Simpson, rather at a loss what to say. Yes they talk of Brown's chewing, and the weakness of some of our other prominent members, and they reckon they are pretty good Christians, if they are out of the church."

But the question is not of the

failings of others, but of their own individual responsibility to God, remarked Mr. Simpson.

Of course, of course, said Mr. Campbell, but the thing is to make them see it.

And then Mr. Simpson, whom his friend regarded as quite "verdant," and a mere child in worldly wisdom, was moved to speak a few words of friendly admonition. Don't you think, he said, that you are mainly responsible for these sentiments of your boys?

How, pray? asked the astonished Mr. Campbell.

Have you been careful always to speak the truth in love? Have you given your boys in your own person an example of the fervent charity which is the result of a close acquaintance with Jesus, or have you carefully sought with them to detect every flaw in the character of your fellow-pilgrims? Haven't you sometimes magnified a failing, or imputed one evolved out of your own inner consciousness? Have you kept your mouth and your tongue, and have your words been like "choice silver," or has your tongue some-times been like the one spoken of in Psalms "a sharp sword?"

Well, I own that I have been rather free with my tongue, said the self-convicted Mr. Campbell, but then I always mean to be just in my judgments of people. I certainly never criticize from a feeling of enmity. But what has that to do with my boys refusing to go to prayer-meeting?

Much, said Mr. Simpson, you have cherished and freely indulged a critical spirit, and your boys have grown into the same tendency, until it stands between them and their soul's welfare. Go home and practise in the line of fervent charity, and see if you can't undo a little of the mischief which you have done.

No amount of charity would make me like Dr. James's hollering. It would make you stop talking about it and there are numberless good points of his which you can bring to the front. Your random criticisms detract from the good influence of your minister, and they lessen your own spiritual power. Better spend your breath in praying for your pastor.

The season of refreshing passed, and left Mr. Campbell's sons unmoved thereby, but Mr. Campbell himself was fairly lifted out of the rut of captious criticism, and, in the clear, pure atmosphere of Christian love, he is learning that difficult lesson to speak fitly, or to be silent wisely, and only in the keeping of the little member can he keep his soul from trouble.—*Watchman.*

## Pitcairn Islands.

The British bark *Mikado* arrived at New York the other day from Altata, in the Indian Ocean, after a voyage of one hundred and twenty-two days. Captain Bunn, her commander, said that he had touched Pitcairn Island, in the South Pacific. The island was peopled in 1790 by British mutineers from the ship *Bounty*, is only two and a half miles long by one wide, with high cliffs on all sides except where Bounty bay, named after the ship, affords a landing place. The mutineers included nine English sailors, six native Tahitian men and twelve women. In 1825, when Captain Belchey visited the island he found sixty-six persons. Under the superintendence of an Englishman named Adams, and one of the ring-leaders in the mutiny on the *Bounty*, the children had been trained in the habit of industry and morality, and the people were contented and happy. Yams and sweet potatoes, with breadfruit, formed the staple article of food. Coconuts, bananas, oranges and other fruits grew in abundance and sugar cane was also raised.

In 1851 another ship touched at the island and found a population of one hundred and sixty persons. The island was visited again in 1867, and since then but little has been known about the place. The *New York Herald* gives this account of an interview with the captain of the *Mikado*:

"We ran into Bounty Bay on St. Valentine's day," said Captain Bunn, "and hardly was the anchor down when two boats put off from the shore. Everybody on board was struck with the beauty of the place, the high cliffs covered with verdure and the fringe of evergreens growing at their base. We were greatly surprised at the appearance of the people in the boats, which were of English build. The men were dressed in white from top to toe, and the oarsmen had on blue caps such as English marines wear. I began to think there was an English cruiser somewhere near until the boats got alongside, when I saw that none of the men looked like Englishmen, except the man in the stern sheets of the leading boat. They were of sturdy build, almost copper in color, but with pleasant features.

There was a quantity of fruit in the second boat and a number of huge pumpkins. The tall man, who

had piercing black eyes, announced himself as Russel McCoy, the chief magistrate of the island and he politely asked my permission to come on board.

"He wore a red rose in his button-hole, and his dress was as natty as any American yachtsman. He was, I found, a descendant of one of the original mutineers on the *Bounty*. He said strangers did not often visit the island, and they wished to learn the latest news, and to exchange their fruit and vegetables for clothing and provisions. He said there were one hundred and seventeen people on the island and all were in good health.

"I offered him money, but he said none was used on the island. They had no need of it as everything was equally divided in the community. A side of bacon which I handed over he said would be cut into one hundred and seventeen equal parts, so that each one could have a piece to eat. The utmost harmony prevails among the people. Chief McCoy said they had a church and school, and once a year a magistrate is elected by popular vote. No liquor is admitted, and none of the men use tobacco. Strangers are not permitted to settle on the island, though visitors are welcomed if they do not prolong their stay.

"Three years ago the population became too extensive for the island and Queen Victoria gave them Norfolk Island, which lies twelve hundred miles east north-east of Sydney, between New Zealand and New Caledonia. This accounts for the reduction of Pitcairn's population to one hundred and seventeen. Before there were nearly two hundred, Chief McCoy gave me twenty letters and there were only three surnames in the addresses. Seven of them were to Miss Young at Tahiti. The name of every person at Pitcairn is either McCoy Adams or Young. The two boats the men came out in were named *Queen Victoria* and *Admiral Drew*."

## Martyrs.

You are ambitious for martyrdom. You are ready to die for God. Don't wait till you can die gloriously in some brilliant position or circumstances, or in far-away Africa, or in the uttermost parts of the earth, or in some self-sacrificing mission somewhere. You can realize all the martyrdom you can stand now, just where you are.

Commence to glory in the tribulation in your own home, in your own life, in your own present circumstances. Dying to your present vexations may be a very matter-of-fact, every-day, common-place, inglorious, unnoticed, unhonored, unsung, sort of a martyrdom, but it is providential, and therefore the very best kind.

When you are perfect in this sphere, God may promote you to a lower one—or, in other words, to a lowlier one,—one that takes more patience, one where patience works a better experience.

If you are fretting over broken dishes, over petty inconveniences, over all the unnamable and innumerable ills that flesh is heir to, over your being shut up at home, you are poor stuff to make a martyr out of. You are too ambitious by half.

Cut a little wood: bring up a few buckets of coal; carry a few heavy burdens for your overburdened wife; scold a little less over your next meal; take patiently even joyfully, the spoiling of your goods by a lot of untrained or ill-trained children; make less fuss over poor ironing and a missing shirt button; show better tempers of kindness and consideration for "the loved ones at home;" pay more attention to your faithful companion than you do to other "congenial affluities;" learn how to transform trials, temptations, disappointments, discouragements, indifference, oppositions, interruptions, business, and downright hard work, into as good means of grace as worship itself; and you will enter a good training school.

Make home a little more comfortable and attractive for husband and children, groan a little less over what (cannot be helped, cry less over "spilled milk," make your old clothes last a little longer and look a little tidier; don't make the church an excuse for gadding about, and in every possible way make the best out of the present time and place and trial, and you may graduate before you die into an evangelist, or a missionary, or something else you hope to be—even a martyr.—*Home Journal.*

The Rev. John McNeil, often called the "Scotch Spurgeon," who has recently removed to London, in a late address to young men, urged them "not to go poking about to see the seamy side of life." Such a course, he reminded them, was most perilous. "They must not think that they were such pure-hearted, innocent lads that they could safely withstand temptation. A plumber went to look for an escape of gas with a naked light—and found it, and did not soon forget it."

## The Lost Heart.

I knew a man who had lost his heart. His wife had not got it, and his children had not got it, and he did not seem as if he had got it himself. "That is odd!" say you. Well, he used to starve himself. He scarcely had enough to eat. His clothes were threadbare. He starved all who were around him. He did not seem to have a heart. A poor woman owed him a little rent. Out she went into the street. He had no heart. A person had fallen back a little in the payment of money he had lent him. The debtor's little children were crying for bread. The man did not care who cried for hunger, or what became of the children. He would have his money. He had lost his heart. I never could make out where it was till I went to his house one day, and saw an iron safe; it stood behind the door of an inner room; and when he unlocked it with a heavy key, and the bolts were shot and the inside was opened, there was a musty, fusty thing within it, as dry and dead as the kernel of a walnut seven years old. It was his heart. If you looked up your heart in an iron safe, get it out. Get it out as quickly as ever you can.—*Spurgeon.*

TELL YOUR MINISTER.—A friend of mine, a layman, was in company of a very eminent preacher, then in the decline of life. My friend happened to remark what a comfort it must be to him to think of all the good he had done by his gift of eloquence. The eyes of the old man filled with tears, and he said, "You little know! You little know! If I ever turned one heart from the ways of disobedience to the wisdom of the just, God has withheld the assurance from me. I have been admired, and flattered, and run after; but how gladly would I forget all that to be told of a single soul I had been instrumental in saving." The eminent preacher entered his rest. There was a great funeral. Many pressed around the grave who had oftentimes hung entranced upon his lips. My friend was there, and by his side was a stranger, who was so deeply moved, that when all was over, my friend said to him; "You knew him, I suppose?" "Knew him!" was the reply. "No; I never spoke to him, but I owe to him my soul!"—*From "Colloquies on Preaching," by Canon Twells.*

A FEW MAXIMS.—It is not selfish to be correct in your dealings. The value of a thing depends on the use of it.

Honesty is better capital than a sharper's cunning. A true man never frets about his place in this world.

Conscience, dead as a stone, is a heavy thing to carry. Employ no one to do what you can easily do yourself.

Better to die at the post of duty than to live elsewhere. Let nothing be undone that ought to be done.

Small profits, little risk; large profit, great risk.

Let none wish for unearned gold or honor.

Be honest, and then be generous. Do not be benevolent with other people's money.

Mockery never degrades the just. The poorest are the most charitable.

One fib is oft the cause of ten more. A lie is black even if it is called white.

The post of honor is the post of duty.

"I can't," is a humbug and a nuisance.

It is not parsimonious to be economical.

No admittance except on business accorded on everything in God's universe.

Too SOFT TO POLISH.—In one of Bishop McTear's *bacca-laureate* sermons, he said: "I was once in a furniture shop. Lying on the floor I saw several pieces of timber. Speaking to the foreman of the establishment, I said: 'Why do you not use this? It is of fine grain, and looks very beautiful.' The foreman said: 'Yes, we have plenty of that, but we cannot use it; it is too soft to be polished.' Young men, if you are too soft to be polished God will not put any on you." Yet the softest are often the most vain, supercilious, and pretentious.

David declared: "Neither will I offer burnt offerings unto the Lord my God, of that which doth cost me nothing." He would not allow another to supply sacrifices for him. But many Christians are quite content that others should furnish everything for God's service, and seem to have no qualms of conscience in accepting all the benefits. Others tell complacently of what "our church" does for missions and benevolent work, while they themselves, contribute nothing. Many claim a partnership in sacrifices which cost them nothing.

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